Becky the Brat: The Lord of the Spankings
By Yu May

Prologue: A Brisk, Spanking Walk in the Park

A cool New Hampshire midsummer breeze was blowing across College Park. Most of the students had gone home for summer break, but a young couple was strolling across the grounds.

Rebecca “Becky” O’Callaghan was a bright-eyed red head, with an elfin smile. But, her boyfriend Jack, an unconventionally handsome blond, was not smiling. It didn’t help that Becky kept flicking the back of his head to knock his duckbill hat askew.

As he fixed his hat, Jack smiled ruefully. "Becca, you are such a brat sometimes. You’re lucky I love you anyway."

Rebecca grinned and stuck her tongue out at him. "I know you do, and that's why I can get away with it!"

Jack glanced left and right around the park. “Then let’s rectify that. I think you could benefit from a little attitude adjustment!”

Suddenly, Jack grabbed Rebecca by the arm, and led her to a park bench. As he pulled her over his lap, he started spanking her bottom, but only playfully.

Rebecca squealed in surprise, her laughter filling the air as she struggled to break free.

She cried in delight, gasping for air. "Jack, stop it!"

Jack smiled teasingly, as he continued to gently spank her. "Miss Becky O’Callaghan, you've been a brat for long enough. You know have this coming!"

Rebecca giggled and squirmed, her face flushed with excitement and embarrassment. "Okay, okay, I surrender!"

With an effort, Becky finally managing to break free from Jack’s grip, and scramble to her feet.

Before she could escape. Jack pulled her into a tight embrace, his eyes twinkling. "I love you, Becky, even when you're a brat.”

Then he planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

Rebecca smiled, feeling a warm glow in her chest as she realized how much she loved him too. But as she felt the warm tingle in her bottom, “Becky the Brat” couldn’t help but wonder:

What if…she tried being a brat again?

As Bekcy returned Jack’s kiss, she made her decision. One day soon, she was determined to find out!

[End of Prologue]

Chapter 1: The Fellowship of the Spanking
By Yu May

Becky felt a soft buzzing beneath her shorts as Jack walked her home to her apartment, matching the warm glow of the sunny afternoon. As they walked hand in hand, Becky couldn't get the memory of the light-hearted spanking out of her mind.

As they arrived outside her apartment, Becky played with her keys. "You know, you're in hot water for spanking me at the park. I think we need to have a serious talk about how you treat a lady in public!"

She pretended to harumph and look cross. But when Jack didn't break his customary poker face, Becky finally winked coyly, and Jack returned her smile. "A serious talk, huh? Maybe we need to have a *serious talk* about what happens to bratty girls who don't behave like a lady in public."

As he mentioned the "*serious talk*" he patted her bottom for emphasis.

Her heart fluttering, Becky stuck her nose up in the air, dramatically, as she let Jack follow her into her apartment. "How dare you accuse me of brattiness! I don't deserve spankings!"

"Don't sell yourself short. I think good girls deserve spankings too. Especially when you seem to enjoy them so much."

As Becky's resolve to look furious cracked, she snorted. "I do *not!"*

Grabbing Jack's shoulders, Becky attempted to shove him toward her couch. She tried to stand tall over him, like a stern mother, but Jack quickly pulled her down onto his lap. "Oh, I think you did. You were laughing and squirming and having a grand old time," he said, tickling her sides.

Becky giggled, struggling to break free from his grasp. "Okay, okay, maybe I *did* enjoy it a little bit."

Jack smiled, planting a pat on her bottom. "Well, if you ever need another spanking, just let me know."

Becky pretended to roll her eyes, but as she nuzzled against Jack, she abandoned her show of resistance. "...You know, I don't think I'd mind a good spanking…But only if I'm really being a brat. So don't abuse the privilege!"

With a single contented sigh, Jack seemed to finally relax his stiff, military kid posture. "Deal."

As she snuggled close to Jack on the couch, Becky couldn't help but think that perhaps being a "brat" wasn't such a bad thing after all.

After a few minutes of kissing, Jack's hands clutched her back, then drifted slowly down toward her bottom. Becky thrilled, wondering just what Jack was up to. From their very first date, they'd both agreed they wanted to save sex for marriage, but lately, Becky had been daydreaming about doing a lot more than cuddling with Jack.

The first time Jack had accidentally caressed her buttocks while kissing, he'd been so ashamed of himself, he'd written her a letter of apology via text, only for her to reply, "You know, I really didn't mind."

The spanking had been the most daring thing Jack had ever attempted since they'd agreed to go steady. Becky sensed Jack's hands hovering a centimeter away from her ass, and at that moment, she imagined offering herself up to him, body and soul. Breaking away from the kiss, Becky strutted to the TV and popped open the DVD tray. "To make up for the brutish attack you launched on my poor, defenseless posterior, how about a movie night? I'd say you owe me a rom-com!"

Looking slightly churlish, Jack raised an eyebrow. "Earlier you said you wanted to watch *The Fellowship of the Ring* today. You promised me a break from Matthew McConaughey."

Becky held up her DVD jewel case for *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days.* "Did I?"

"You most certainly did."

Becky grinned devilishly. "I dunno, isn't it like six hours of philosophy about the horrors and futility of war? I'm really not in the mood for something dreary."

"It's nothing like that. It's full of hope, adventure, purpose…Wait, you told me you watched it. I distinctly remember you saying it was a cherished memory."

"Like, when I was a kid, with my dad. I haven't seen it since I was ten or whatever. I remember…going to the theater with Dad. The popcorn, and everything. I remember getting scared at one part, and he let me sit in his lap. But I don't remember the actual plot or anything."

"That's perfect. It will be like new! Let's watch it together. I'll make the popcorn."

Becky pressed the DVD case against her lips, as if kissing Matthew McConaughey's face on the cover. Truth be told, she'd been dying to revisit *The Lord of the Rings*. She had indeed forgotten the plot, but she had never forgotten the experience of watching it in the theater.

But there was one crucial detail she had left out of the story she had told Jack…

Becky spotted her Dad's collector's edition copy of *The Lord of the Rings: Extended Edition* right where she'd left it, for tonight's movie night. This would be her first time revisiting it since her

11th birthday. At that moment there was nothing she wanted more than to watch it with Jack. “I’m in the mood for something silly. *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days* is my comfort movie.”

“I know. You’ve made me watch it four times.”

Becky pretended to look hurt. “I didn’t *force* you to watch it with me. I just watched it while multitasking. Didn’t you want to watch it with me?”

“Sure, I want to watch a movie *with you*. But I also want to *watch* a movie with you, without multitasking. You already have that one memorized.”

To Becky’s surprise, Jack pulled *The Fellowship of the Ring* out of the case and opened the DVD tray himself. “C’mon, let’s watch *Lord of the Rings*. It’ll give us a week’s worth of movie nights.”

Becky scooped up the remote and closed the DVD tray, just as Jack was getting ready to load it. She waved the controller teasingly, before hiding it behind her back. “And what if I say, ‘No’? You gonna spank me? Make me watch a bunch of 80s action flicks with nothing but explosions, car chases, and busty women? Maybe some exploding busty women, in the middle of a car chase?”

Jack stood, his face inscrutable. “Becky, of course, I’m not going to spank you over a movie. But *you* told me you’ve been *dying* to watch *L.O.T.R.* again. Do you want to watch it, or not?”

Becky fidgeted with the controller behind her back, wondering whether or not Jack would buckle if she insisted on re-watching *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days.* Part of her was dying to call his bluff, but Jack was right. She *had* promised to watch *L.O.T.R.* with him, and that helped her better self win the tiebreaker round in her inner conflict. “All right, hobbits it is.”

She pressed the DVD tray button, and was delighted to see Jack break his poker face with a smile.

…

11-year-old Rebecca O'Callaghan had finally convinced Dad she was old enough for her first PG-13 movie. The old cartoon version of *The Hobbit* had been her favorite movie since infancy, despite the scary goblins, or perhaps because of them. After she’d successfully read the entire book, *The Fellowship of the Ring,* Dad had agreed to bring her to the movie as a birthday present. As she whispered questions incessantly through the teaser trailers, her dad had finally bent over and whispered in her ear. “Becky, there’s other families here. You can’t talk during the movie.”

Becky had nodded, eager to please. “Yes, Daddy.”

At first, it had been easy to obey. A hush went over the movie theater, and the haunting opening scene immediately captured her attention. The strange man in spiky armor (what was his name, again?) terrified her, and yet she couldn't look away. When Bilbo Baggins appeared, she immediately recognized him as an old friend, despite how different he looked in the cartoon.

"That's Bilbo?" she blurted out, in a failed attempt at a whisper.

Dad made a shushing motion. "Yes. That's Bilbo. Now, hush."

Becky had remembered to keep quiet, until Gandalf and Frodo appeared. This time, she forgot to whisper. "Is that Gandalf? He looks different."

Behind her, she heard a man clearing his throat, and caught a glimpse of annoyed adult faces.

This time, Dad had pressed his finger gently against her lips. "Shush!"

Becky had felt a thrill of embarrassment. She saw the adults looking approvingly at her dad, and realized they were happy she'd been shushed like a baby. Blushing, Becky quieted down, and tried to enjoy the movie. But as Merry and Pippen argued over the firework, she felt lost. "Why are they doing that? This didn't happen in the book."

"Becky, cut it out, or I'm taking you out of the theater."

Tensing, Becky glowered at her dad. She couldn't put into words why she was mad, but she knew she felt hopping mad. "But it doesn't make sense? Are they stupid? You can't play with fireworks. They're gonna get in–"

Suddenly, Becky was on her feet, and felt Dad tugging her by the hand toward the exit. As the firework exploded and the hobbits of The Shire panicked, Becky's shrill voice joined their cries in the theater. "Hey! What're you doing?"

She squirmed as she felt Dad pick her up and physically carry her out of the theater, holding her in his arms as easily as he ever could when she was a baby.

On the screen, Gandalf was pinching Merry and Pippen by the ear, as if they were two misbehaving children. "Meridoc Brandybuck and Peregrin Took...I might have known!"

Dad set Becky on her feet outside the theater doors, and looked her in the eye. "Becky, we are not at home. Other people are trying to listen to the movie, and they don't want to hear you asking questions the entire time."

Becky felt her face flush. "I'm missing the movie! It's my birthday present! I earned this!"

Dad crouched and looked Becky right in the eyes. “Young lady, going to this movie is a privilege, not a right. Now, are you going to keep quiet and listen to the movie without interrupting, or do I have to take you home?”

Tears filling her eyes, Becky stomped her foot and screeched, as shrill as any Nazgul. “It’s not fair! It’s…*my*..movie!”

Suddenly, she felt herself being lifted into the air, and saw popcorn on the red carpet beneath her. Realizing she was being carried over her daddy’s shoulder, Becky kicked and beat her fists uselessly against his back. “You can’t do this to me! I *want* my movie!”

She saw a door open, heard splashing water, and smelled cleaning solution. By the time Becky realized her dad had carried her to the family restroom, she was set back on her feet, before her Dad as he seated himself on the toilet. Becky stiffened, and just as she realized what was about to happen, it began to happen: Dad reached for the button of her pink shorts and undid them, easily tugging them down in one clean motion. Panicking, Becky covered her front and back to hide her Hello Kitty patterned underoos from view, before she found herself bent over her father’s knee, and stiffened her hand behind her back to block the spank she knew was coming. “You can’t! It’s my birthday! I’m too big for a spanking! No, no, no, no, n-”

The first clap landed low beneath her flailing hand, interrupting her futile protests, and her last “No-hooooh!” trailed off into a long, shuddering howl.

She heard Dad’s voice, as if from miles away.

“One.”

Becky felt her hand pulled away from her bottom, immediately followed by the second spank, which easily covered both her bottom cheeks.

“Two.”

“Aaah-haargh!” She kicked furiously, and felt her tennis shoe soles smacking against the tile wall of the bathroom behind her. The third spank was aimed at her lower left cheek, right at the exposed sit spot below the line of her panties.

“Three.”

“Rrraaaawr!” Snarling, Becky stabbed at the toilet paper and ripped it loose, wanting to break and destroy anything she could get her hands on. The fourth spank, aimed at her lower right sit spot, was so sound it actually snapped Becky out of her tantrum.

“Four.”

“Guh!” Her eyes flying wide open, Becky felt the fight get spanked right out of her, along with her fit of temper.

The fifth spank landed on her already stinging lower left butt-cheek, and Becky felt the new, stinging pain washing over the old, throbbing pain like a wave.

“Five.”

“Puhleeeeeaaaze!”

The sixth spank landed on her lower right butt-cheek, with the same results.

“Six.”

“Agh!” Fighting for a breath, Becky was sure she could still feel Dad’s fingers and palm on her bottom, only for the seventh spank to land. And when it did, Becky suddenly became aware that her bottom felt strangely…bumpy? She didn’t know it, but for the first time in her life, Becky was experiencing the sensation of a rising welt, in the shape of a handprint.

“Seven.”

Becky screamed so loud, she felt her lungs burning inside her chest. “Aaaaah! It *hurts!*”

When the eighth spank landed, Becky formed a perfect mental picture of a handprint in her subconscious. It was like Zeus was smiting her poor, defenseless bum with divine lightning from on high.

“Eight.”

“Doooon’t!”

The ninth spank was aimed at her upper left thigh. The sound was sharper than before, more high-pitched, the fresh sting contrasting horribly with the throbbing sensation covering her entire lower buttocks.

“Nine.”

The strangeness of the sensation gave Becky just enough time to rationally process her situation. Desperately, she turned to glance over her shoulder, praying to win pity with her tearful eyes. “Please, Daddy!”

She saw the tenth spank come crashing down like a blur, and felt the rising sting on her upper right thigh. “Aaaaaaaaaw-haaaaaw! Puh-leeeze!”

“Ten.”

Feeling her shoes slip off of the slick tiles of the bathroom wall, Becky tried to regain her footing, willing herself to stand. If she could only get off Daddy’s lap, the spanking would be over! But all she managed to do was thrust her hips up, offering up a perfect target for another all-encompassing spank aimed at the center of her buttocks.

“Eleven!”

Tears spilling down her eyes, Becky felt all her pleas and arguments die in her throat with a single, stupid, “Ow!”

As she collapsed her weight back down across her daddy’s knee, Becky felt a strange chill travel up her back, sensing the movement of air as Dad raised his hand behind her. As her Hello Kitty panties rode up her crack, Becky clenched, unclenched, and clenched her bottom reflexively, anticipating more spanking. But just as she let out a breath of relief and relaxed her glutes…

“...And one to grow on.”

WHOP!

“Aaaaagh!”

“And that’s twelve. That will do for a birthday spanking, for the birthday girl.”

But Becky had already melted into sobs, oblivious of her Dad’s sardonic commentary on her plight. “I’m *sorry!* Ah’m saaaaw-herrreeee! Baaaw!”

As Becky felt herself being set back on her shaky feet, she clutched her bottom and buried her face in her Dad’s chest, feeling snot and drool dribble freely down her chin. She looked up at her Dad, expecting rage and disappointment, but he looked back at her with love and sympathy. “Spanking is over.”

Clutching his shirt, Becky climbed up onto his lap, winced as she felt her sit spots press against the rough denim of his pant leg, and let herself melt into him, rocking back and forth in his embrace.

After a minute or two, Becky blinked, and started repeating “Sorry…sorry…sorry…” softly under her breath.

“Do you wanna go home?”

Becky felt fresh, dazzling tears cling to her eyelashes. “I wanna see the movie…I wanna see the movie…”

“There, there, dear. Let’s dry your eyes.” Dad fumbled to find a fresh toilet paper roll, and pulled off two squares to dab away Becky’s tears.

After washing her face at the sink, Becky suddenly became aware of the lingering ache deep in her buttocks, as if she’d suddenly awoken from a dream. As she realized she’d just thrown a temper tantrum, and that people in the movie theater had probably heard both her screams, and her spanking, 11-year-old Becky O’Callaghan wished the earth would swallow her up. But she also felt genuine remorse. “I’m so, so, sorry, Dad.”

“I forgive you. I take it you’ve had enough spanking for one day?”

Becky’s lip trembled. “Are you gonna’ take me home now?”

“Do you still want to see the movie? Will you be able to sit?”

Becky glanced back at her bottom, and noticed her shorts were now dangling around her ankles. Blushing, she pulled them up and fixed the button. “Uh…We can still watch it? I’m not gonna’ lose the movie too?”

“Well, you’ve missed a few minutes of it, but we still have the tickets. If you promise me to keep quiet in the theater, I trust you to keep your word.”

Becky clung to her Dad’s waist, pressing her cheek against his stomach. “Can…Can I sit in your lap again?”

Dad seemed to consider the idea, then scooped Becky up into his arms. “Only if you behave.”

Becky flinched as she felt her sit spot press against the sleeve of her Dad’s iron arm, then rested her head on his shoulder. She felt a bit babyish, but she also had been wondering if she was getting too big for her Dad to pick up and carry anymore, ever since she’d turned ten and officially become a tweenager. “I’ll behave…I promise.”

By the time they had returned to the theater, Frodo, Samwise and friends were hiding from the black rider. Immediately, Becky remembered the same tense scene from the book, and felt herself drawn back in. As she felt fresh terror at the sight of the monstrous creature, Becky felt her Dad’s heart beating against her ear, and knew she was safe.

[End of Chapter 1]

Chapter 2: The Two Spankings

Becky sat on the couch, snuggled in a knitted blanket, resting her legs on top of Jack's lap. As the haunting melody played over the opening narration, it was as if she was still watching it on the Silver Screen for the first time with her Dad. As Sauron began to toss around the soldiers of the Last Alliance of Elves and Men like ragdolls, Becky thought out loud. "Isn't Sauron supposed to be a spiritual evil force, though? You'd think he'd consider it beneath him to waltz around on the battlefield kicking ass in person."

Jack sighed. "I thought you forgot most of this movie."

"Well, yeah, I did, but YouTube keeps recommending me lore videos. One guy had this list of every single change Jackson made to the books. It was so fastidious, like, 12 hours, it was hilarious–"

Beneath the blanket, Jack delicately pinched the fold of puppy fat that connected Becky's lower buttock and upper thigh, reminding her of the warm buzz that still lingered from her playful spanking at the park. "Becky, I know Peter Jackson made changes for the movies. If I wanted to watch the YouTube video, I'd watch the YouTube video. Just watch the movie with me."

"I don't remember everything. You'll just have to fill me in."

"Or you could pay attention, and enjoy the movie for what it is. If you feel like you missed something, we can talk about it afterwards."

Becky crossed her arms, her annoyance palpable. "I'll understand it better if I ask questions."

As orc archers assassinated Isildur, Becky's attention snapped back to the screen. "Wait, he can't be dead. That's Viggo Mortensen."

Jack groaned, and bent over to retrieve the controller to rewind. "No, that's not Viggo Mortensen, and he's not Aragorn either. That was Isildur, which you'd know if you were paying attention. There, let's try this again. Now…*behave!"*

With a huff, Becky turned her attention back to the screen. At the mention of the word, "Behave," the memory of her last spanking from Dad washed over her like a tidal wave. She was annoyed at being told what to do, but she also couldn't help but wonder…would Jack really dare to spank her, maybe if she pressed his buttons? The thought of being spanked, for real, sent a shiver of excitement down her spine. "I'll behave…I promise."

Becky tried. She really did. She kept quiet for the entire opening act set in the Shire, but when Farmer Maggot chased Frodo and friends off his farm, Becky snickered. "You know, in the book, Farmer Maggot actually *spanked* Frodo as a kid, for trespassing on his farm? Like, there's a

scene where Frodo is clearly traumatized about it, and Samwise gets all defensive, because he doesn't like the idea of anyone laying a hand on his Frodo…"

"Becky."

"...but then Frodo and Farmer Maggot sort of bond over their memory of it. Like, they find out Farmer Maggot's actually a pretty stand up guy, so even though he's only a minor character, he's like their last glimpse of the people of the Shire. I wish Jackson hadn't cut him out."

As the movie paused, Becky glanced back to discover him holding the remote. "Hey, what gives?"

"Becky, you're doing it again. Do you want to take a break from the movie and just chat? Because we can do that."

Becky pouted, petulantly. "I wanna finish the movie."

"Okay, in that case, let's watch the movie, *without* the YouTube factoids."

"Hold on, that was just something I remembered from the books. Don't you care what I have to say?"

"I absolutely *love* listening to you info-dump on your cute, nerdy interests, including these movies, but not while I'm trying to actually *watch* the movie *with* you. How would you feel if I stopped *How to Lose a Guy* every ten minutes to talk your ear off about historical military strategy?"

"That's different. I'm not talking about some random interest, I was talking about the book."

"I know, and I know that Peter Jackson left things out from the book. He left out Fatty Bolger, he left out Tom Bombadil. I don't like all the changes he made, but they had to cut some things somewhere, or it would have been a sixty hour movie series. I want to finish the movie with you, but only if you make an effort not to interrupt constantly."

Tensing like a doe, Becky pressed her bottom against Jack's upper thigh. "Is that an ultimatum? Gonna' storm out and leave me cold and alone?"

Jack set the controller on Becky's lap. "I want you to decide if we're going to watch this movie, or not, and then stick with that choice. It's your call."

Pretending to look bored, Becky balanced the controller precariously on her finger. "And if I don't do as you like, do I get a spanking?"

Becky saw the blanket flying toward her face and Jack lightly tossed it aside. As Becky squirmed to brush away the tassels of the blanket that were tickling her nose, she felt her feet being lifted up. Easily pinning both of Becky's ankles with one hand, Jack put an astonished Becky into a diaper position, upturning her bottom. As her shorts rode at the crack, Becky felt a chill on her exposed sit spots, Before Jack landed three playful love taps on each of her butt cheeks. "Do you *want* another spanking? Because I can give you one."

Becky covered her mouth with the controller. In her heart, she wanted a spanking, so bad, but she couldn't make herself say it out loud. "Put me down!"

Grinning mischievously, Jack lifted her up a few inches further. Becky could see the sparkle in his eyes as he examined her upside-down behind. "Are you ready to be a good girl, and watch the movie? Or do you need a spanking first, for being a bad girl?"

Becky's heart fluttered. This was it! She could finally have a spanking. A real spanking. All she had to do was ask. "No. No spanking. I want to finish the movie!"

Instantly, Jack set her legs down. "Do you promise to actually watch it, this time? No more color commentary?"

Becky felt a mix of relief, and disappointment. "...I promise."

Jack patted the cushion to motion her to sit next to him. As Becky settled back into her seat, she couldn't get the phantom image of her spanking out of her head. Jack pressed rewind to return to the point Becky had interrupted, but it went to fast. "Hey, you're going too far."

Jack pressed the play button three times. "Button froze."

The movie began playing in the middle of an argument between Gandalf and Saruman. Becky groaned and reached for the controller. "We already saw this! Just fast forward a bit."

Jack set the controller on the opposite side of the couch, far from reach. "I only went a minute or two past the Farmer Maggot scene. It'll take longer to find the exact spot than to just watch from this point."

Glowering, Becky crawled over Jack's lap to reach for the controller, only for him to switch it to his other hand, and pin her gently in place across his lap with one hand. Becky thrilled as she realized she was lying bottoms up over his knee.

Becky glanced at the television, to find Saruman the White casually tossing around Gandalf the Grey. "I gave you the chance of aiding me willingly, but you have elected the way of pain!"

At the precise moment Gandalf crashed into the ceiling, Becky craned her neck to look coyly over her shoulder, "...Okay, so the white guy was Sauron, right?"

Jack paused the movie again. “Becky, you know perfectly well who Saruman is. If you want a spanking, you shouldn't act like a brat on purpose, just to get one.”

“I... I'm not acting like a brat on purpose!” Becky’s cheeks burned with embarrassment, but just as she was about to argue, she noticed she was already in the perfect spanking position. She hadn’t meant to make it *quite* that obvious, and the realization Jack had seen right through her made her feel that much sillier.

Becky wriggled a bit on top of Jack’s lap, but his arm held her securely in place, at his mercy. Jack looked down at her, his expression neutral. “I know you better than that. You're a smart girl, and you know exactly what you're doing.”

Becky wriggled her bottom. “Well, what are you gonna’ do about it? Hit me?”

“I’m not going to let you goad me. You’re an adult, Becky. If you want a spanking, ask for one.”

Becky swallowed. You might be wondering why Becky didn’t just say, “Spank me, Jack!” and end her little charade. But you have to understand that admitting you want to be spanked is probably the single most embarrassing thing you can expose about yourself, especially to someone you like.

You might also be wondering why Jack hadn’t just started spanking Becky right off the bat, but the idea that “Men do not hit women,” had been a staple of his upbringing. He had suspected for months that Becky had been secretly pining for a spanking, before building up the courage to risk the playful spanking in the park.

As Jack awaited her answer, Becky knew the fate of her bottom hung in the balance. “I’m…sorry, Jack. I was just…I was curious if you’d actually go through with it.”

Becky thrilled as Jack patted her bottom. “Oh, I *am* going to spank you, Becky. The only question is whether you’re getting a playful spanking, or a real punishment. What will it be?”

Becky’s breath was shaky. “I want…I want a spanking for real.”

Jack landed a firm clap, without holding back. The sound of it surprised Becky more than the pain. She let out a little gasp, sure her denim shorts absorbed most of the sting. But the fact that she could still feel Jack’s palm through a layer of protection was…ominous.

Jack patted her bottom again. “What’s the magic word?”

Becky’s stomach churned as she understood the meaning of the question, making her feel all the more childish. “...Please.”

Jack caressed Becky's bottom with soft, circular motions, his palm brushing gently against the denim. "I think you deserve a proper spanking. This is going to be a lot harder than the play spanking I gave you at the park, so you need a safe word. Do you have one?"

Not sure if she'd heard him right, Becky twisted to look at Jack. "A safe word? What's that?"

"It's like an emergency word to end the spanking, if you need a break or can't take any more."

"Huh? So I can just stop the spanking any time I feel like it? How is it supposed to be a punishment, if I'm the one who decides when it ends?"

"Because you're an adult, and you've asked for this. The safe word is to protect you, Becky. What if you're having trouble breathing, or change your mind mid-way?"

"This is supposed to be a real spanking. I don't *want* a safe word."

Jack folded his arms, releasing his grip on Becky's back. "Then I'm not going to spank you."

Becky growled, digging her fingers into her hair. "I don't *get* it! I consent, okay? This makes it feel like it's not a real punishment."

"If you want to be punished, for real, don't worry. You will be. I'll let you pause the spanking with the safe word, but I'm not letting you abuse it, just to get your naughty little bottom out of hot water. The safe word is non-negotiable. I don't want to hurt you, Becky."

Inwardly, Becky thrilled at the mention of her "naughty little bottom," not sure if Jack was picking up on what she liked, or if he was just saying what came natural to him. Outwardly, Becky rested her pouty face on her crossed arms. "Fine. Whatever. I'll do the safeword thing. I'll probably just forget it."

"No, you won't. The safe word should be short and easy to remember. How about: 'Red'? If you think you're in trouble and can't go on, just say the word, 'Red' to call for a timeout."

Becky replied with deliberate snark. "Oooh, three whole letters? Are you sure that isn't too much for me to remember, with my dumb, girly head?"

"Repeat your safeword back to me."

Becky puffed a stray hair out of her face. "Red!"

Immediately, Jack adjusted his grip to secure Becky firmly in place across his lap. "Excellent. I'm sure your dumb, girly head won't forget the word 'Red.' Just remember, that's the color your bottom is going to be before I'm through with you."

Becky groaned, but before she could goad him with more sarcasm to just get on with it, Jack surprised her with a second spank. The lingering effects of the first slap had just started to raise a soft burn under her shorts, only for the second stroke to rekindle the fire.

Becky gulped down a scream, not wanting to give Jack an inch after losing the contest of wills over the safe word. If *that* was what a spanking felt like over her shorts, what kind of damage could Jack do if she was bare-bottomed?

With no further lecturing, Jack fell into a slow, steady rhythm, delivering another spank every few seconds. The silence hung over Becky. She wished Jack would say something, but the stern silence only heightened her awareness of the sharp claps. Suddenly, Becky wondered if the sound would carry to her neighbors' apartments? She squirmed a little, only to find she was helplessly pinned under Jack's sturdy arm.

Jack landed a glancing blow at the center of Becky's lower bottom, aiming his palm up with a bit more flick to his wrist. It didn't have the same thunderous impact of the first spanks, but it still had plenty of strength behind it as it brushed across the unprotected skin below her shorts. The fact that Jack's "playful" swats stung that much added to Becky's growing dread. "Grrrrrr!"

Instinctively, she growled, thinking of the word, "Red."

Jack didn't stop, but she sensed a slight pause in his rhythm. Stopping herself from uttering the safe word, Becky let her growl build to a lioness roar. "Rrraaah!"

It would have been a perfect moment to play Helen Reddy's feminist anthem *I am Woman, Hear me Roar*. Except Jack answered Becky's strong, womanly roar with another full-strengthened spank.

Becky felt her inner feminist weep…but it just felt so damn good!

Jack squeezed Becky's buttock, twisting his fingers into her flesh like uncooked dough. "Stand up, Becky. Hands behind your head."

On autopilot, Becky obeyed. She was surprised to find herself standing at attention, her fingers interlaced behind her head like a criminal. As Jack stood to face her, Becky willed herself to keep her knees from knocking.

Jack crossed his arms. "What did you do wrong, Becky?"

Becky felt a tingling in her groin, and prayed it was only a wedgie. "I…I interrupted the movie."

Without breaking eye contact, Jack unbuttoned her shorts, and undid the zipper for her. "Go on."

Becky swallowed, and caught a glimpse of her rose pink panties before she looked back up to face Jack. “I was being…stupid?”

Jack pressed his thumbs into the waistband of her shorts. As she felt his fingers brush against the sides of her hips, she yearned for him to strip her. The fact that he did *not* do so made it all the more tantalizing. Instead, Jack looked at her with a searching gaze. “You are *not* stupid Becky. Try again.”

“I was…*acting* stupid. Pretending to be deliberately dense, just to annoy you.”

As he sat back down, Jack glided the shorts down to her knees. She felt his eyes on her crotch, and with horror, she noticed the panties she just so happend to be wearing today. A novelty set of pink spanxs, custom stitched with a design of the Gates of Moria, and the words “Speak Friend, and Enter” in Elvish. She had picked them up at a comic convention earlier this year, hoping to show Jack for a laugh, and thrown them on this morning without thinking.

Jack snorted. “When you said you forgot the plot of *Lord of the Rings*, was that a lie?”

Stung by the accusation, Becky felt tears in her eyes. “No! I wasn’t lying! I really haven’t rewatched it, ever since Dad took me to see it for my birthday.”

“Why not?”

Becky clenched her buttocks, the cool air now tickling the rosy, pink flesh of her lower bottom below the panty line. “That’s…a bit of a sore spot for me.”

Jack pressed his hands against either side of her trembling hips. “And why is that?”

“Because…because Dad had to *spank* me, at the movie theater.”

“He *had to* spank you? What’d you do?”

Becky felt her cheeks burning so hot, she felt feverish. “I kept asking questions and interrupting the movie.”

“I see…I’m sorry that happened to you.”

Becky shook her head. “N-no. I deserved it! I *asked* for it! And looking back…I think it helped me grow. I never got another spanking after that, ever again.”

“Until today, at the park?”

Becky nodded silently, and Jack stood back up, pulling her tight against him. “And do you deserve another spanking, for how you’ve acted today?”

As their waists touched, Becky felt a tell-tale bulge beneath Jack's jeans, pressing softly against her. She pressed her weight into him. "Yes, Jack. I deserve this spanking…for teasing you…for acting like a brat, on purpose."

Jack gilded her panties down gracefully, so that they rested just below her bottom in a perfect, inverted triangle. Unable to use her hands, Becky pressed her thighs together, as if trying to desperately cling to the undergarments for a moment longer.

Jack took a step back, and gestured to the open space between the couch and television. "In that case, I want you to stand with your legs apart at the center of the room, and bend over."

Becky turned to face the television, taking slow baby steps to keep her panties from falling away, her shorts now dangling from one ankle. As she assumed the position, sticking out her butt for Jack to inspect, Becky realized this was the first time she'd ever let Jack see her in any state of nudity. She'd teasingly "modeled" in risque outfits or swimsuits for him a few times at the mall. She'd even once jokingly stepped out in her underwear, only to performatively pretend she'd forgotten her clothes: "Silly me!"

But never in the nude. As she felt Jack's eyes on her bare ass, Becky wanted to scream. She had a pregnant sense that her backside, her fundament, was no longer entirely hers. Her ass belonged to Jack, now. And to her surprise, she wanted this. In college, she had written essay after essay on "the male gaze" in women's studies, but now that she felt the male gaze upon her, she was hungry for more. But at the same time, the thought of losing her panties terrified her.

A square inch of fabric still covered her anus and crotch, acting as the final defense for her dignity, and she wasn't ready to surrender it.

To keep her panties from falling the rest of the way down, Becky was forced to wobble awkwardly as she spread her legs, trying to use her outer thighs to keep the panties held up by the elastic waistband. As she felt her panties defying gravity, Becky let out a sigh of relief.

Then Jack stroked her hips and thighs, tugging the panties down to her knees with the same gesture. For a moment, Becky's mind raced with horrible possibilities. When was the last time she'd used the toilet? What if she had forgotten to wipe her ass thoroughly? What if she started her period, at this precise moment? She felt naked: cold and vulnerable.

Jack whistled, then wrapped his hand around her waist to support her weight under his arm. "Whew! I can see the warm up spanking has already made some impression. You'll have to be brave, and stand firm for this next part. No kicking. No struggling. The real spanking is about to begin. Are you ready?"

As she heard the admiration in his voice, Becky's nerves calmed. For the first time in her life, she knew what it was to be, not naked, but truly nude. Unclothed, she realized that she was an object of admiration, not derision. She was warm and safe. "...Yes, sir."

As Jack landed the first spank against her bare flesh, Becky shot her head up, and noticed the TV for the first time. It had been paused on a shot of Frodo and Samwise leaving the Shire. She remembered her Dad reading aloud to her when she was home sick with the flu. She remembered when Dad had gotten the cancer diagnosis, and she'd read chapters of the same book out loud for him, while he was stuck in the hospital for chemo. She remembered the fury she'd felt when Dad had spanked her at the movie theater, when he took her to see the first movie in the trilogy. She remembered when Dad had finally come home, with a clean bill of health, and promised to take her to see the second film. She remembered writing her stupid fanfics in high school, like the one where she imagined herself getting spanked by Samwise Gamgee on their wedding night, casting herself as Rosie Gamgee. And as Jack's hand sank deep into her flesh, Becky cried with pain, and pleasure, shedding tears of sorrow, and joy.

[End of Chapter 2]

Chapter 3: The Return of the Spank King

Standing to take her second spanking was a test of Becky's endurance. She wasn't sure how long it lasted, her sense of time dulled by the flaming heat that now covered her seat. But she was positive her bottom was bright red.

From behind her, she heard Jack's soft voice. "Good girl. Brave girl! You took your spanking very well…But I think we need one more session, to make the lesson really stick. Think your bottom can handle it?"

As she saw a tear drip down her nose and fall to the carpet, Becky remembered her safe word, and rolled it on her tongue. "Ruh…ready…I'm ready to finish my spanking!"

"That's the spirit! In that case, go ahead and strip below the waist."

Becky glanced down to find her panties had drifted down to her ankles, and her shorts had disappeared completely. Despite her best effort not to kick, she must have sent them flying reflexively during the lengthy under-the-arm spanking session. Becky denuded, then stood back in attention, instinctively covering her front.

Jack shook his head. "Hands behind your head, Becky."

Glancing down furtively, Becky complied. She hadn't shaved her triangular bush, but at least she'd groomed it recently. The curtains did indeed match the drapes: her curly pubic hair was a glowing, strawberry blond.

Jack was looking stern again. "Becky, tell me the truth. Do you think this spanking is suitable, as a punishment?"

Becky swallowed. "It was a *lot* harder than the spanking you gave me in the park."

"That was intentional. But are you still having fun?"

Becky smiled like the Mona Lisa. "Maybe."

"I'm glad you've been enjoying yourself so far. But we agreed that this would be a real punishment. Let's get something straight: I never want you to try and trick me into giving you a real spanking ever again. Is that understood?"

Becky rolled her tongue in her mouth, looking at Jack with bedroom eyes. "You're no fun. I like teasing you!"

Jack reached around with both hands to clap both her butt cheeks, sharply enough to awaken the nerves anew, with a fresh sting. "This is different. If you want a light spanking, just for fun, I'll

give you that. If you want a harder spanking, or to roleplay a pretend punishment, I'll give you that. If you want spankings, I'll give you as many spankings as you can take. I don't care about teasing. I *like* that you're a bit of a tease. But I'm also trusting you not to do something you know is wrong, or stupid, or dangerous, just to get spanked. No pulling fire alarms when there's no fire. No being insufferable in public, just to goad me into punishing you. Capiche?"

Becky nodded. "Capiche."

"Very good. Now, I'm still cross with you for interrupting the movie. For that, I'm going to give you what I'd consider to be a *proper* spanking. I don't care if you're having fun or not. I'm not through with you yet. Follow me."

Dropping her hands, Becky pulled down the front of her shirt to cover herself as she tiptoed after Jack. He opened the door to her bedroom, and she couldn't help but wonder what he had in mind. Seeming to read her mind, Jack shook his head. "Don't worry, I just need a better spot to spank you than the couch. You have a hairbrush, don't you? Or if not, maybe a slipper?"

"Both! I have one of each…Well, more than one of each, obviously. Not much point in owning only one slipper."

"Then bring me a hairbrush, and a pair of slippers."

As Jack seated himself on her bed, Becky shuffled around her room, rifling through her bureau drawers and closet to complete her quest. As she found a cheap plastic hairbrush in the top drawer of her dresser, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and twisted her hips to examine her bare bottom. "It's bright red all over!"

Jack set his jaw. "That's hardly what I'd call bright red. Maybe 'Indian red.' But I think we can achieve a true crimson."

As she held the flimsy plastic hairbrush, Becky heard her mouth moving of its own accord. "I think I've got a better hairbrush than this in the bathroom. Real wood. Want me to grab it?"

"Yes, go and fetch it. You are excused."

Suddenly realizing the classified information she had just leaked, Becky fumed as she marched to collect the wooden hairbrush, clutching her smarting buttocks. Her situation was getting worse and worse! She remembered the word, "Red," and felt the deviousness of it. She really wasn't looking forward to this third round of spanking. The pleasure of the experience had long ago been swallowed up by the contrasting pain. But using her safeword now, when she wasn't even being spanked, felt like cheating. A battle of wills had gotten her into this fix. Even now, she didn't want to admit defeat to Jack. Becky tossed the wooden brush on the bed next to Jack, a little harder than she meant to. "Welp, let's get this over with!"

She regretted the sarcasm the moment she saw Jack standing up from the bed, and knew that her show of bravado wasn't fooling anyone. Jack let the moment hang. "Raise your hands above your head. Reach for the ceiling."

As Becky obeyed, lifting her arms in a caricature of surrender, she felt the hem of her t-shirt gliding up, tickling her smarting buttocks. Jack looked her right in the eyes as he pinched the sides of her shirt and started to lift her shirt up and over her head.

Becky's eyes went wide. "...But, why? My bottom's already bare!"

She heard an unintentional, whiny crack in her own voice, before Jack lifted her shirt up and over her head, and tossed it aside. Then he reached behind Becky's back and unclipped her bra, with surprising ease. "Because you're learning a lesson in humility. You were a bad girl, and now you've earned a real punishment. Because you didn't control yourself, you are no longer in control of what happens to you."

Becky folded her arms in front of her bra to keep it from falling away. "Nuh-uh! I could use my safe word, if I wanted to!"

"Of course you can, if the spanking is too much for you. But I don't think you're the type to chicken out."

Becky sniffed. Standard reverse psychology. She hated the fact that even though she knew what it was, it was still working. Tossing aside her own bra, Becky rolled her eyes. "Want me to spin a little pirouette for you, while I'm at it?"

But despite her sarcasm, she instinctively spun on her heel, wanting Jack to see her twirl for him, even as she made fun of him for it. Just as she finished the pirouette, Jack clapped her bottom and pulled her into his chest in a single motion. "Excellent, now you're all ready for your spanking. Be a brave girl, and don't struggle, and I won't have to use my belt."

Casually, Jack seated himself, easily pinning Becky's legs between his and pulling her gracefully over his lap. She caught herself on the mattress with a soft bump, and as Jack pinned her hips securely in place between his legs, her spine tingled. She was helpless, and hopelessly outmatched by Jack in any contest of strength. As she spotted the two hairbrushes and the two slippers resting on the bed, and thought of Jack's comments about the belt, Becky was suddenly grateful that Jack had insisted on giving her a safeword. As she saw Jack scoop up the plastic hairbrush, Becky whimpered. "Oh man, oh man, oh man!"

As Jack playfully tapped the smooth back of the hairbrush against her aching buttocks, Becky heard the word "Red" like a silent scream from the back of her mind. This was going to suck! For the first time, she was reliving how it felt to be trapped helplessly across her father's knee.

"Red! Red! Red! Red! Red!" she thought.

Jack rubbed the hairbrush in circles across each of her butt cheeks, awakening the numb flesh. “Ready?”

Becky gripped the comforter. “Re-ready!”

As the first stroke landed, Becky arched her back and howled, her strawberry hair flying.

After the second swat, her tears had returned. She had managed to keep herself from crying freely, throughout the entirety of the last spanking.

After the third smack, Becky broke down, wailing, and as she let go of her tears, she became conscious of only one thing: that she had been a brat, and was getting the spanking she had coming.

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Fully nude, Becky snuggled up against Jack, feeling her own body heat escape from under the blanket with the slightest motion. The cool air was strangely soothing against her crimson buttocks, which seemed to glow in the dark in the dim room, which was lit only by the soft glow of the television.

On the screen, Frodo was calling over his shoulder as he drifted down the river. “Go back, Sam. I'm going to Mordor alone.”

Samwise Gamgee roared in answer as he splashed through the water. “Of course you are...and I'm coming with you!”

As she felt her backside twinge, Becky teared up, but not from the lingering pain. Far from pulling her attention away from the movie, being forced to sit on a well-spanked bottom had made it strangely easy for her to watch the rest of *The Fellowship of the Ring* in one sitting. As the credits played, she looked up at Jack tearfully. “That was wonderful…It was just as wonderful as I remembered it being.”

Jack stroked her gently, not wanting to break their embrace. “Even after the spanking?”

Becky returned the hug, before pulling away from Jack, letting the blanket drift gracefully off her back as she strutted away. “Pfft! You weren’t even *close* to getting me to use my safe word.”

“Well, you were so tearful and remorseful after I finished with the wooden hairbrush, it broke my heart. I couldn’t bear to spank you any more.”

“You didn’t even get to use the slippers, let alone that belt of yours! Talk about anti-climactic.”

Jack pulled the tail end of his belt free of its loop. “If you insist on being a brat, I could remedy that right now…”

Becky licked her lips at the sight of the belt, considering the multiple possible meanings of Jack’s words. Then she threw open a kitchen cabinet and pulled out a novelty “Kiss the Cook” apron. “No thank you! I’ve learned my lesson about being a brat…for today at least. I’ve decided to be a good girl, and fix you a nice supper from scratch, to thank you for the movie night. How does pancakes, bacon and eggs sound? A little ‘second breakfast’ for dinner!”

“Becky, you know how we both agreed we didn’t want to have sex, until marriage?”

Becky scoffed as she retrieved the pancake batter. “I most certainly do, and don’t let my current state of dress give you any funny ideas. I’ll admit I needed the spanking, but apart from that, my ass is off limits until I see a–”

As she turned around, she found Jack kneeling on one knee, holding a small box. “Becky, marry me.”

Becky dropped the entire bag of pancake powder. “Omigosh! Yes! Yes, I willl–*Kaff* *Cough*”

The bag of pancake powder exploded, creating a cloud of white dust. “Oh, gosh! *Gaff*!”

“I got you!” Before she knew what was happening, Jack had scooped her up and away from the dust storm, coughing himself.

Snickering between her hacking coughs, Becky saw Jack covered in a thin coat of white dust, and started crying as she looked down to examine herself, still naked except for her “Kiss the Cook” apron. “Now? You chose to propose *now?* You couldn’t have picked a worse possible moment!”

Jack didn’t take his eyes off her. “I’m sorry! I didn’t think–wait, you said yes?”

“Well, of course I said yes. Yes! Yes! Yes! But…sweet baby Moses, Jack? *Snort* That…that *timing!* Ah, ha ha ha!”

Becky felt tears of laughter stinging her eyes, but as Jack held her hands, he looked at her with that same, steady, stoic, sternness she loved to tease him for. “You really mean it? You’re not making fun of me?”

Becky lightly lifted the corners of her apron in a mock curtsy. “Why? Gonna *spank* me if I turn down your proposal?”

But as she looked at Jack’s earnest, sincere face, Becky’s desire to play the brat melted away. “...Yes, Jack. I really mean it. Marry me.”

Silently, Jack pulled Becky into a hug, a shuddering sigh of relief the only sign of his nerves.

Becky melted into the embrace, losing herself in Jack, before one of the apron strings tickled her bright red buttocks, and shook her awake. With a giggle, she nipped Jack's neck to get his attention, and looked at him with loving eyes. "Of course, from now on, I'm probably going to need *lots* of spankings, to teach me to behave on movie nights."

[The End]

[Author's Note: The prologue of this story was originally based on an AI chatlog, but I was never happy with the results. The first chapter has been rewritten based on that draft, while the following chapters are 100% my own work.]